

PICTURE WIZARDRY
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CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

If You Can't Have Thanksgiving Turkey, Here's Plenty of Food for Thought

① The farmer of today puts an axe under his arm and calmly walks to the barnyard for his Thanksgiving turkey, as you see by the picture

② But it has not always been so. Here we have the farmer's picture turned upside-down.

③ Now, if we add a few lines to the picture in this manner—

④ —we see now the Thanksgiving bird was brought in in olden times

① Some folks like to have their Thanksgiving turkey cooked by a high-priced chef like this one.

② Now we'll just turn the chef's picture upside-down

③ Then we'll add a few pen strokes to the picture in this manner—

④ —and see the family cook preparing good 'eats' for Thanksgiving Day dinner.

The Story Lady

DEAR CHILDREN—

In a few days I am sure you will all be very, very happy, for you will have a vacation from school and a fine turkey dinner. The story of Thanksgiving day is known to all of you, I hope, so today I want to tell of a turkey and his very, very odd adventures.

I hope you will all enjoy the story as well as you do your vacation and the dinner. But whether you like it or not, I do hope you will have a very, very happy Thanksgiving day.

YOUR STORY LADY.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

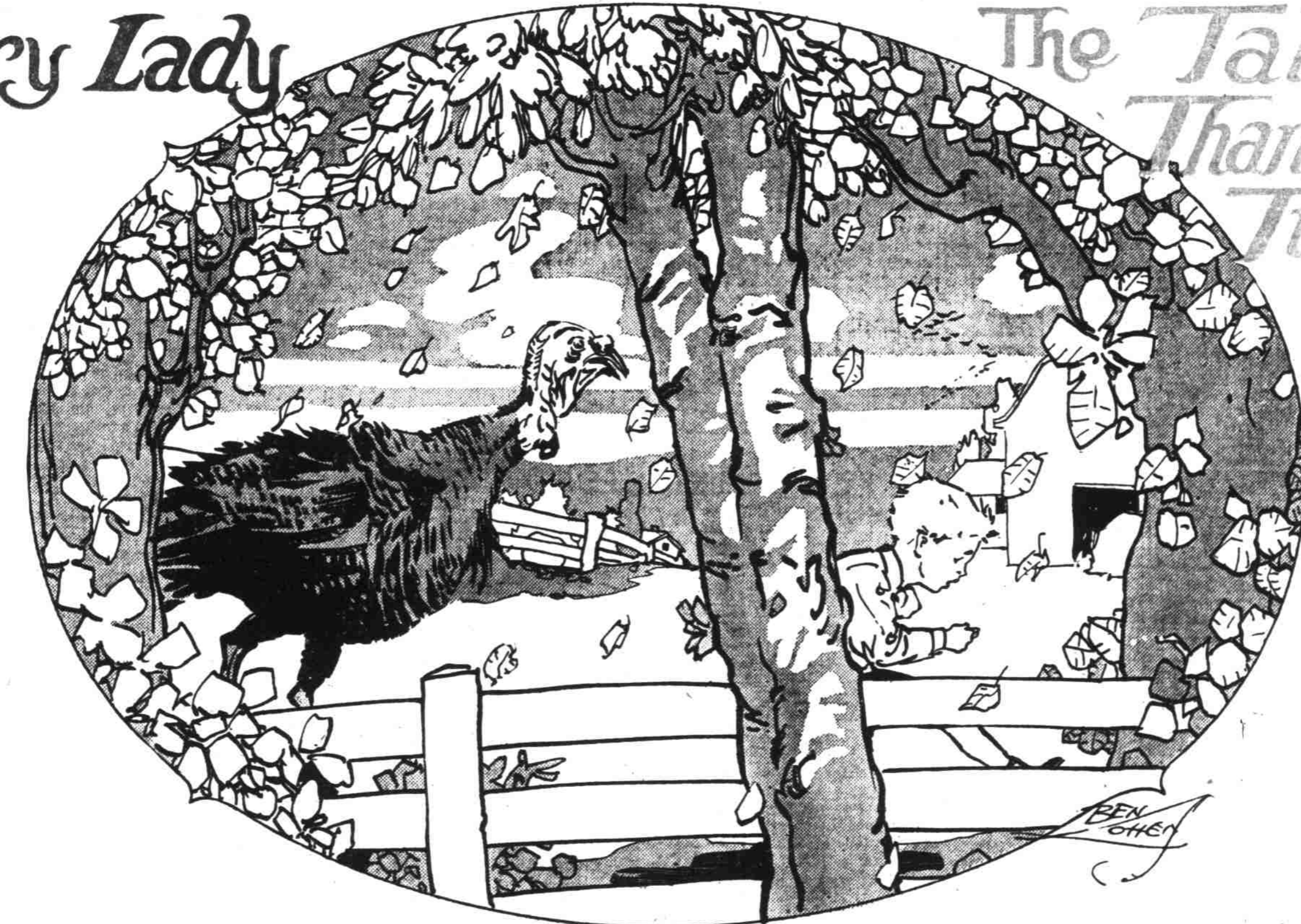


ONCE upon a time there lived in a barnyard a big, fat turkey who was so cross and disagreeable that every one disliked him. He was so much larger than any of the other turkeys that he felt he was the king, and he would rush at them and call, "Turr-rr, turr-rr, get out of my way—turr-rr, turr-rr," and all the other turkeys were so afraid of him that they would hang down their tall feathers and run as fast as they could to get out of his way.

Every day he grew more and more important and scolded and stormed at all in the barnyard until they were all tired of him. One morning the farmer's little boy came out to feed the chickens. He was a very little boy and he had never before been out all alone. The barnyard people welcomed him kindly and the rooster called out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo, we are glad to see you-oo-oo!"

But the moment the turkey cock saw the little boy he rushed at him and began to nip him on the legs.

When the boy had gone the turkey came strutting back to the barnyard like a conquering hero and he scolded, "Gobbie,



The turkey looked so terrible that the poor little boy dropped the dish of food and ran screaming toward the house, with the big turkey running after him, pecking at his red stockings.

gobbie, gobbie. Such trouble, trouble-uble-le. I hate red-red-ed." "Quack, quack, quack, alack, alack, alack," said the ducks. "Will the boy come back? Quack, quack, quack!" "Turr-rr, turr-rr, I don't care what you say. Get out of my way, I say, get out of

my way," said the turkey. "I do not care whether the boy comes back or not. We have the food," and the turkey began to pick up the food from the ground. "His-s, his-s," hissed the geese in scorn. "Did you ever see anyone with such bad manners."

The turkey cock gobbled his breakfast and then as all the barnyard people continued to scold him he decided to go away from them and he started on a long walk.

As he came near the house he saw the farmer with his little boy. "Oh, is that

the turkey that scared you by pecking at your legs? Well, never mind, son, he has not long to live. He is our Thanksgiving turkey and soon you will be pecking at his legs."

The cornstalks had been cut and stacked up in long rows and between them lying on

The Tale of a Thanksgiving Turkey

the ground were big orange pumpkins looking like big orange balls. The turkey came strutting along, snapping up late grasshoppers and bugs, when suddenly he found himself right against a great orange pumpkin.

"Turr-rr-rr, get out of my way, I say, get out of my way. Turr-rr-rr." But the pumpkin could only lie still in the sunshine.

"Every one in the barnyard is afraid of me," bragged the turkey. "Even the house people are afraid, and I made a little boy run this morning, so you had better take heed and get out of my way before I make you. Turr-rr-rr."

And the turkey gave a savage peck at the pumpkin, but he only got his mouth full of something soft which he did not like at all, and the pumpkin was lying still in his pathway.

"Get out of my way or I will push you out of the way," scolded the turkey, and in a terrible rage he flew at the pumpkin, but his feet slipped on the smooth sides of the pumpkin, and he lost his balance and was soon sprawling in the dust in a most undignified manner.

"Turr-rr-rr, you threw me this time," said the turkey, "but you wait until we meet again. I will make you get out of my way."

Not very long after that the turkey did meet the pumpkin, but his scolding and strutting days were past, for they met upon the Thanksgiving table. The turkey was roasted brown and lying upon a big platter.

This time the turkey could not scold, "Gobbie, gobbie, gobbie, get out of my way," to the pumpkin, but the people could "gobbie, gobbie" them both up, and soon they were both "out of the way."

And now that the Thanksgiving dinner is ended, why, this turkey tale is ended, also.